FACE TO FACE.

A Fact Related in Seven Well Told Fables

BY R. E. FRANCILLON. THOR OF "A GREAT HEIRESA" "QUE AT LAST," "A REAL QUEEN," "EARL'S DIVE," LTC., ETC.

FABLE THE FIFTH.-CONTINUES. It had seemed like an hour between The flash of the Prench bayonets and the word to fire. But ir seemed no more than a moment between that word and the charge. An instant ago the deep column was about to burst through the line; now the line was sweeping the broken column into the plain. least, it was to one who was there: those who were not have doubtless more to tell. It seemed a marvel. The French men turned their backs; the English-men hoty followed. Who, at that mo-ment of sudden victory, could feel the savage rise in him? Not Stephen Har-

low, for he was a man.

More and more the flying column broke, and man after man went down before the pursuing steel. Order was lost, and the pursuit went far out into the plain. It was a rout; and if the French had thus been met eisewhere, the day was surply grained. the day was surely gained.

But hark—if any had ears to hear! A

But hark—if any had ears to near: A thunder shook the plain, and nearer and nearer the afternoon sun flashed back from cuirass and sabre. Down upon that straggling red line came the dragoons, and under that sudden aid the broken column managed to face round. It was for the redcoats to reel back, and to grather as best they could. And the men, whose blood was on fire with fanmen, whose blood was on fire with fan-cied victory, and, being slow English-men, scarce knew what was upon them, did gather with a cheer. Stephen knew-no more than they, but he saw a flash-of steel before his eyes, and received a sharp blow on one arm while he caught the King's colors with the other from the lad who carried them, as the latter went down. The scattered pursuers formed somehow, and more by instinct than by word of command, and with fixed bayonets, faced without flinching

the new onset of the dragoons, while the rallied French foot opened fire. I know not if Stephen Harlow thought even of Patience then. Yet he was not thinking of life, or he sure-ly would have thought of her he lived for. Battle had bitton into him at least Battle had bitten into him at last and he had the colors to guard or die for. A rush like the roar of the sea was in his ears. And then, for the first time during that great battle, of which he saw no more than the fraction of a fraction, such as one soldier among thousands may see, came the boom of big guns. He knew that every com-rade had his teeth set and his eyes aglow, for so were his own. Up flashed the sabers; down, like a whiriwind, rode the dragoons once more. There was nothing for it but to wrap the colors round his wounded arm, and to fight for them so.

The Colonel was down; and for the rest it was every man for England and his own hand. Then the whirlwind was followed by

darkness. Not even Patience was any thing to Stephen Harlow more.

The real Bick Blackthorn, though he had the honor and glory of opening the fight of Talavera, saw little or nothing of that famous battle. It was not because be was unwilling to do anything except his duty, and he was as ready to light the French, on general principles, as any man there; but good luck or ill luck, at any rate, luck of some sort, pursued him steadfastly. He shouted out his warning to the outpost, which, indeed, by this time needed no further warning, and then instead of joining them as they fell back upon the ad-vanced brigade to which they belonged. vanced brigade to which they belonged, held to his original purpose—if his impulse could be called by so fixed a word, and put his horse's head towards the town. I think he had recognized the uniform he ought to have been wearing, after all—indeed, I am sure; and better be a Portuguese than a British deserter. But before he had got any distance to speak of toward the lines of Spain he found himself charging alone upon the flank of an advancing alone upon the flank of an advancing regiment of voltineurs; and there was

"if yesterday's was a fix, what's thisto be called?" thought be. "Most decidedly a fixer. I'm cut off, horse, foot,
and all. I've half a mind to get myself
taken prisoner. A prisoner of war's
about the only thing I've never tried.
By the Lord Harry, they're at it now!"
And there, all day long, lay Dick
Blackthorn perdu, as if he were the veriest coward lying in a ditch to es-cape powder and steel. But his skin was by no means unhealthily thin, and

was by no means unneaturily tina, and be felt no scruples on the point of honor. What did trouble him was the uncertainty; and not even that troubled him long, at least so soon as hunger returned in full activity. But that also had to be forgotten, so far as that inexorcisable spirit may. He did his

sortune of war, he buckled himself as not move, the moonlight was so white, stight as he could, made himself a quid and the scattered mound of cryscs was so horribly still. The only sound he heart leap for joy; the heart of a man who had tasted nothing but tobacco, groun from the ground.

likely as not have preferred the barrel to a hearthstone. He broke the clay case, ate, and was thankful. And he had cause; for I doubt if General Wellesley or Marshal Victor had half so

good a supper that night as he.

A good supper deserves a nap; so he lay down for half an hour. "I can alto any minute I choose."

ways wake to any minute I choose," said he to his horse. "Half an hour—not a minute more."

He sleept precisely half an hour—to the minute. Only, instead of waking, he went on sleeping, and without a dream. Indeed, it seemed to have been but five minutes when he woke up in the broad day.

"That course of supping on hedge."

e broad day.

"That comes of supping on hedgeog" said he. "And—there they're at

And sure enough they were, if the thorn had contrived to sleep peacefully for hours, as peacefully as if in his old bed at quiet Leys Croft, while horse and ago the through him, and the powers of the world were warring like Titans within reach of ear and eye. "At it again" indeed they were; if that were all. So good it is to be a vagabond, whom breakfast concerns more than all—at least, till dinger the pre-time. But even bick Blackborn. cerns more than all—at least, till din-ner-time. But even Dick Blackthorn, once fairly awake, felt a kind of awe. He took his horse by the bridle, with-out mounting, and led him farther up the dry stream. He might find some spot

out mounting, and led him farther up the dry stream. He might find some spot where he could see without being seen. But he found none better than a shel-tered eleft of rock where he might sit and listen while the battle raged and roared around. It was as sweet a nook as a man might find in that arid Castil-ian plate a hazmit might here there It for his cell. A little spring bubbled up, and took the water-course for some yards before it was swallowed up in the midsummer dryness. No doubt, after the rains, it became a stream. The cell was carpeted with fresh, wet moss; and shrups, sheltered by the overhanging rock from the seorch of noon, made it a bower. No true vagabond could pass such a spot, so matte for rest and shelter. such a spot, so made for rest and shelter.
And what was to be gained by going
on, before they who were fighting had
time to feed? Clearly, nothing at all;
unless it was a bullet for a fool.

So there he sat, and found occupation in meditating. manner, on many things. That he thought of his sweetheart can not truly be said, for she was much too numerous; and, besides, yesterday's adventure had sickened him of that adventure had sickened him of that sort of thing. But he did think once more of his home, and of his obstinate old dunderhead of a father—God bless him, anyhow—and of his sister, and of the beef and bacon now doubtless before them, and of the home-brewed ale. Perhaps his father would be a trifle repentant if he could look and see to what his unforgivingness had brought his only son. But no: there was no good in dwelling on that. No Black-thorn could give in, if it were for nothing better than a straw. "And I'll not give in, seeing I was in the right of it," thought he. "And father will never give in, just because he's in the wrong.

thought he. "And father will never give in, just because he's in the wrong. I'd never forgive the old chap if he gave in; and if I gave in he'd never forgive me. It's a pitty, but—Holloa!"

It was a rush of men so near that he could distinguish their shouting and hear the clash of bayonet and sword. But before he could see more, it had swept by.

swept by.

But every day has an end; and at last the big guns ceased firing, and all be-came strangely still. Surely he might now emerge; and another night was be-ginning to fall. He would not risk things by hedge-hog hunting again. He waited, however, till all had for long been as still as death, and the armies of the stars came out to look down upon the armies of men and to see what they had done. Then Dick Blackthorn came out into the plain—the only man that day with a bloodless sword.

"Now would I give a hundred pounds," said he to his horse, "to know who've won the day; if I'm to be a French prisoner or an English liar; for one or the other I must have to be. Shall I make forward for Talavera or back for Escalona. Talavera may be back for Escalona. Talavera may be French or may be English; Escalona may be French or may be Portaguese. I'm hanged if I know which to choose. Well, there's only one thing to be done, then. Heads or tails. Without heads or tails, what a puzzie life would be, to be sure! If for tails and Talayera. H

regiment of colligences; and there was nothing for it but make back for the water-course again, where the banks might cover him.

"If yesterday's was a fix, what's this to be called?" thought he. "Most decidedly a fixer. P'm cut off, horse, foot, and all. I've half a mind to get myself any were dying he could not see. And here and there the white mooubeams fell upon a cuirass or helmet; though

fell upon a cuirass or helmet; though
these were but few. It must have been
a hand-to-hand struggle, with but little
life to carry away on either side.
"And I—I was sitting smoking in a
corner and staring at bubbles while this
—this was going on hard by!" Dick
Blackthorn groaned. "But how could
a man tell that fighting meant this, unless he had seen?" All appetite was gone. He reined in his horse, afraid of where the next hoof might fall; already

where the next hoof might fall; already a splash of crimson had come upon his best; and the battle of Talavers raged round Dick Blackthorn sitting in the midst of it and attempting to kill no enemy but time, with a cigar.

And over him also the ominous first night fell, with its silence as of a lurid ally before its first sullen growl. Well, night was the time for making his way somewhither; in the present state of his appetite it did not seem to matter much where. Better capture and a crust than liberty without a crumb. The French might be in Talavera by this time, for anght he knew. But nothing went.

See the eart hoof might fall; already a splash of crimson had come upon his own hand. There is no true vagabond but has a tender heart and a fancy lightly fired; and Dick Blackthorn was a vagabond indeed. He gazed over the field appalled and ashamed.

He looked at no special face after the first that glared up at him, a Frenchman's, with set teeth, and fixed eyes from which the grimness had not gone. He thanked God he had no comrade there, or anywhere: and yet, having none to lose, he felt the more alone among the great army of the slain. He desired to shut his eyes, and to let his horse earry him away at fits own will; but favirule held him there, he could so thing win.

So, to prepare himself for the next fortune of war, be buckled himself as not move, the moonlight was so white,

heart leap for joy; the heart of a man who had tasted nothing but tobacco, and not much of that, for near four-and-twenty hours, and in near eight-and-forty little more than the scrapings of an unknown bone.

It was a hedgehog; nothing more. But the soldier and sailor had been a gypsy, too, so far as a guntile may.

But the soldier and sailor had been a gypsy, too, so far as a guntile may.

In a trice he had put the bristly innocent into a clay pie, had lighted a fire with some, or with the strange smile.

eyes, he surely saw something move Frenchman or Englishman, he might still take some part in the battle by saving a life, to make up for having taken none.

taken none.
So thither he led his horse, as gently as before. And if he had been horrified before, it was as nothing to his horror

He saw a woman, a veritable woman of the sex whom he had loved only too well, crawling about on her hands and knees among the corpses and—robbing

them.

Nor was the ghoul a hideons hag such as might be supposed. She was a strapping Spanish peasant, comely enough in a coarse way. She had not seen him approach: she was far too deeply engaged. Where do these vultures hide in peace? For peace can never give them anything foul enough to do.

Woman though she was, Dick was sorely tempted to startle her from her work with the butt of his carbine. But even that was not enough to expre-

even that was not enough to express his loathing.

"You she-devil" he cried.

She started and turned round. And he saw that she carried a long knife, with a reddened blade. He guessed now why the field was without a groan.

"I search for my son," said she.

"Your son! If you want him, you must go to the mountains, where the wolves are, unless there's a pack of you here. I can't stay; but I can't go and leave more murder, may-be, behind. I've seen enough death; but there must be one more. To think that all my share in to-day's work is to shoot down be one more. To think that all m share in to-day's work is to shoot dow a she-wolf! But—"

"Bah!" said the woman, sullenly.
"I'm only taking back my own." "Your own?"
"Ies; from the French brigands.
Is a woman to be robbed, and not get back her own?"
"That is no Frenchman, poor devil!

That's an Englishman—"
"Bah! what odds, red coat or blue! "Bah! what odds, red coat or blue? And what are you here for yourself. Portuguese vermin? That is my corpse; go elsewhere, and leave me alone. There's room for us all here, the saints be praised."

He was so taken aback by such a charge that he could find, on the instant, neither deed nor word. He looked from her to the corpse she was

looked from her to the corpse she was hanging over; a fine young man, a quiet, set face, and closed eyes, headed, in a red coat faced with blue, his left hand on his heart, his righ under his head, and his broken muske by his side.

The vulture so evidently took an un-The valture so evidently took an un-wounded Portuguese, out there by the moonlight, for a dird of her own feather, that she paid no further heed to him. She pulled the young soldier's hand away from his breast, and felt the lingers. But even she started. From the tightened lips came the faintest of moans as his fingers were clutched by her claws. Nay, Dick could have sworn the man struggled to rise.

And the vulture must have thought so, too. Up went the hand that held the knife, and poised over the heart; down came Dick's carbine upon her wrist, and sont the heart. wrist, and sent the knife flying towards the moon. She yelled loud enough to wake the dead, as they say; certainly to seare Dick Blackthorn, though he had heard many a woman scream

But it was a man's hand that clutched his throat; a man with another knife, his throat; a man with another knile, who had sprung up from among the heap of slain. "Dog of a Portuguese" he screamed. "Leave the woman alone. This corpse

Not Dick's carbine, but Dick's fist, went into the scoundrel's face, between the eyes. He dropped like a stone. No Portuguese could have given that blow. The woman turned to run: but

Dick, catching her by the arm he might or night not have broken—not all his chivalry could care—whipped off his belt and bound both wrists beltind her as tightly as there was need. "I'm hang st if I can disgrace an honest bul-let on you." said he: "but now rob the dead and kilf the dying if you can. And don't, the next time you come across at Englishman in a Portuguese cost, think he's a Portuguese, you Span sh devil There! if you can get out of that strap. I'm done by a woman again. No: not by a woman, though. You're no more a woman than that hound there is a

He heat over the soldier whom he but pretty near. I won't get muddled over it this time! Tails—Escalona Then so let it—hold up; what are you wine! The man was alive; though but Then so let it—hold up; what are you stumbling over there?"

But, coming out into the full moonlight, he saw; and he asked no more. Many things had he seen in his rolling life, but never anything like this. e uniform was that himself had worn for a few days in the course of his rolling. It must have been some brother recruit, who had been more faithful to the King's shilling than he. Well, was it not better, after all, to die like this, like an English soldier, than to live to be taken for a Portuguese ghoul?

He saw something glittering in the mosnlight in the young soldier's breast. It was a ring that the vulture had torn off just before the carbine struck it and the knife out of her hand—a plain gold ring, with no ornament but the posy

round it,
"Love will find out the way."
That, too, struck a familiar chord.
Dick had heard his own sister Patience sing it in a soug a hundred times. Poor young fellow! it was a wedding ring, too. No doubt some love or marriage

It was a hedgehog; nothing more. But the soldier and sailor had been a gypsy, too, so far as a gantile may. In a trice he had put the bristly innocent into a clay pie, had lighted a fire of sticks, and then watched the baking for a good hour. It was not too long; but it could scarcely be underdone for one so hungry as ha. Another man might have feared to light a fire, but not Dick Blackthorn—that was not his way. If he had to cook on a powder barrel he would have taken his chance, and, had there been a choice, would as

FORFIGN GOSSIP

The King of Bavaria has spent

Meissen manufactory.

--Codrac the Saxon, the famous boar bound, is the largest dog in the world. He weighs more than 200 pounds. —There are 623,325 Odd Fellows in Great Britain, a gain of 38,377 during last year. The number of deaths in 1884 was 7,078.

—A Venet an gondoller makes, on an average, four frames, about eighty cents, a day the year round. On the he will marry, rear a family and put ome money by.

In giving his daughter \$750,000, the Duke of B dford gives her about half a year's income. His rural property yields that sum, and he owns an immense district in London as well.

-A Madrid man has invented a cane that contains a complete set of topo-graphical and telegraphic instruments, a heliograph and a lantern. It is in-tended for the use of engineers in the

army service. There are 150,000,000 women and girls in China, nearly all of whom are uneducated and ignorant. Chinese women are secluded, and it is contrary

skating craze, and rinks were built all over the country. The fever, how-ever, was as brief as any other wagaies of fashion; the enthusiasm away, the rinks were deserted, the investors lost their money, and roller skates disappeared in the land.

skates disappeared in the land.

—Mme. Hurtrelle, a well-known society belle in Paris, was arrested for drunkenness. In defense she stated that she read that the surests way of preserving furs from moths was to place them in an empty spirit cask. She accordingly purchased one and in it put her cloak. The weather being chilly, she required the garment, and the alcoholic tumes produced intoxication. She was acquitted.

—In London there is said to be a

-In London there is said to be a As the Prince sits at the open wandow the lead carpet spreader, the Chief of the Police, enters the cours-yard has a number of inspectors, who travel over Europe in quest of openings for "work," and mechanics who says in a loud and angry tone: "Ah! and mechanics who ings for "work," and mechanics who can open the most elaborate safes. can open the most elaborate safes. Finally, there is a solicitor who nego-tiates the restitution of bonds for a commission of thirty-five per cent. All the managers have received a prison

-To incarcerate a man as a lunatic in Denmark nothing is required but a certificate from a competent medical practitioner stating that the individua in question is insane. Any one in Den-mark is ent tled to keep a private asy-ium without license, and the patients in such an asylum are not under State control. Denmark has an excess of lunatics, due chedly to the Scandinav-ian habit of constant dram drakay. They are well cared for in spite of the defect of the lunacy laws.

-According to the St. James' Gazette the bar at this moment is the most over-stocked profession in En-gland. The Law List of 1884 com-prises 242 pages of counsel entitled to practice at the English bar, and each practice at the English bar, and each page contains on an average rather more than thirty names, thus yielding a grand total of about 7,200 practit oners for England, and those British possessions where English counsel have a right of aud ence. This total does not include the members of the Scotch bar or of the Irish bar, or of the late of Man. the bar of the Isle of Man

A PERSIAN PRINCE Character and Daily Life of the Favorite Son of the Shah.

The Zil-es-Sultan is the eldest son of the King's first love. His Majesty first saw the Prince's mother, a lovely village girl, washing clothes at the side of a stream. Be the sai it may, she was of the has peuple; and the Khan Di will break bottles, he will hit oranges. The Zil-es-Sultan is the eldest son of (the maternal uncle of his Royal High-ness and his Master of Horse, or Lord of the Manger), recalls, by his rude manners and boorish speech the manners and boorish speech the of the Manger), recalls, by his then manners and boorish speech, the from a fowling-piece. The days of his youth are over—the wild youth of a favored Eastern Prince, wild youth of a favored Eastern Prince. the Zil-es-Sultan would ere this have been acknowledged as the Shah's successor. But to be of royal blood on both sides of the house has long been a necessary qualification in the her to the Persian throne. Still, the reigning monarch generally contrives to leave his kingdom to his favorite son if capable of ruling. That the eldest son of the Shah by a royal princess is a weak-minded nonentity is known to all the subjects of the "King of Kings;" and the Shah will probably take the initiative in declaring the Zil-es-Sultan his snecessor. The young man himself

initiative in declaring the Zil-es-Sultan his successor. The young man himself openly says that he means to succeed his father, and the Shah does not reprove him for saying so.

The room is purposely darkened. There is to the Prince, supported by cashions on a mattress. He is evidently out of sorts; his hak mbashi is feeling his pulse. The Governor of Yerd, formerly his favorite personal attendant, is kneading one knee, the Governor of Bonat is gently rubbing the other. Two attendants are softly pommelling the princely feet, while the chef barber, an important personage, is carefully and se entifically

with small hands and feet, of which he is very proud, black curly hair, a fair complexion. a jetty mustache, and a voice exactly like that of the Shah. Mirza Reza hands him his newly fashioned hat of finest cloth. The Prince, who affects to lead the ever-changing fashions of Persia, hurriedly buttons his inner paletot of pale blue moire antique, embroidered with tasteful but rather florid des gas in gold and colors. He wears an English shirt. He clasps the great circular buckle of diaclasps the great circular buckle of dia-monds—it s four inches in d ameter— which fastens a plan black leather belt around h s wa st, and then slips into a around his wast, and then steps into a vellow overcoat of cashmere shawl, lined throughout and trimmed with sable fur. Black trousers with a gold-lace strue, made in London, complete the sufficiently grand and becoming costume worn by the Governor of the largest port on of Persia. He is at the present moment thirty-three years of

Let us follow him as he passes into the summer room of state audience. This ancient room is probably unique. In the center is a large tank of running water, three feet deep: from this tank rise stone columns, their bases composed of nude figures about four feet high. women are secluded, and it is contrary to custom for a stranger of the male sex to speak to one.

—As carrier pigeons in China are frequently molested by birds of prey, an ingenious plan for protection is employed. Ten small bambo tubes are attached to the bird's tail by means of threads passing under the wings. The hasty flight of the bird produces a

ployed. Ten shared attached to the bird's tail by means of attached to the bird's tail by means of threads passing under the wing. The hasty flight of the bird produces a whistling sound, and this keeps birds of previate as as a distance.

—A few years ago, says the London Standard, the young people of England became imbued with the roller-skating eraze, and rinks were built all skating eraze. Zil-es-Sultan is no fool; and he passes on through this extraordinary chamber into a large, well-lighted apartment, the walls and celling of which are elaborately painted and gilded. The intreately constructed windows of colored glass are raised, a large and the empty courtyard is seen beyond them, and just in front of the window is a hour waised have of stone the form huge raised hauz of stone, the foun-tains in which are spouting freely. The Imam-i-Juma, as he enters, is invited to a seat close to his Royal Highness. on his own royal carpet, which is about seven feet by three wide, and is spread on a thin mattress over the luxur ous felts, three inches thick, that serve as

> son of a dog, so you, too, levy taxes on my father's subjects?" "May I be vour Highness' sacrifice, it isn't my fault." mutters the crim'nal. The Prince turns mutters the criminal. The Prince turns to the Imam-i-Juma, a tall descendant of the Prophet in a black turban, and details the crimes of the robber. The high priest nods: "Yes, yes; may I be your sacr tice, he is indeed a merclessone!" "So I think." repl es the Prince. "Take him away!" And the Prince whispers something into the ear of the farrash-bashi, who is standing close to the open window. "As for you", the farrash-hash, who is standing close to the open window. "As for you"—the other prisoner bows to the ground— "you are an ass, the father of all asses. You, rascal, may thank our mercy; you are dismissed." The farrash-bashi ret res with his prisoners. Their iron are removed. The one walks of a free are removed. man; a sullen booming report in a few minutes announces the blowing from a gun of the other.
>
> The Imam-i-Juma takes his leave.

> The Prince yawns, carelessly saying:
> "The one dog is gone at last; bring
> the other four." Two fine Dutch the other four." Two fine Dutch mastiffs of tawny bue are led into the court-yard, as well as two small three-quarte -bred bull dogs. They are loosed at the Prince's order, and career wildly about the court-yard. Prince feeds them with sugar, as breakfasts in solitary state. Unlike most Persians, he does not smoke. Then he plays perhaps a game or two of chess, of which he is very fond—a good player, too, though etiquette, of course, does not allowhim to be beaten. Then he sallies forth to ride, and, once

the Zil-es-Sultan would ere this have Married to the wealthy daughter of a former Prime Minister of Persia (who was strangled by order of the present Shah), the Prince was left a w dower Shan), the Frince was left a w dower about five years ago. His son, the Jalatu-Dowleh, is a promising youth of fifteen, and the nominal Governor of Shiraz under his father. The Prince has several daughters. He dines about eight, still alone, and at n ne generally retires to his harem, where we can not tollow him even with our invisible cap.

A Governor of yest provinces from A Governor of vast provinces from

A Governor of vast provinces from his cradle, firm and sometimes, perhaps, unscrupulous, a hard but just master, wily as a Governor in Persia has need to be, unprejudiced, unfanatical, generous, with many virtues and few foibles, such is the Shah's favorite son—St. James' Gazette.

with hard work enough. Dick, ignorman, it is the road all states and walked beside, supporting the princely feet, while these three days.

If would be hart work to reach Equiponic and hard weavy, and having slopt even while we -A good story is told of a farmer in

THE DAIRY.

Cotton may be king; or, Corn may be king; but the Cow is Queen, supply-ing essential wants, necessities and inxuries of life to the mass of civilized humanity, says a correspond New York Tribune.

—All persons who have given attention to the matter unite in recommending the liberal use of milk. The necessity of a milk diet for young children is admitted, and the desirability of milk for zdulta is generally acknowledged.

—George Eliot, who, by the way, it will be remembered, was a female, says

—teorge Ellot, who, by the way, it will be remembered, was a female, says the best room in the house is a clean kitchen. This truism applies with particular force to the dairyman's kitchen, if he sets his milk or makes his butter —Much growling has been the fash-lon with those who had interests in creameries of late years; but three at least of the creameries of the West— those in Madison County, lowa—pay to the farmers from \$125,000 to \$150,000

annually, which is not bad for a business that has been supposed to have had the bottom knocked out of it. -Dealers in butter in New York. where they have a law squarely pro-hibiting the sale of oleomargarine and other imitation butter, state that the the effect of increasing the demand for genuine dairy butter. This good news ought to encourage our legislators to action for the protection of our dairy

interests. cow. No one should ever trust his own feelings as to the condition of the weather. Always consult the thermometer, but even the coldest nights will not save the milk, if it is allowed to remain hot in the cans for any length of time.

—In dairy work all the senses require to be constantly brought into requisition, remarks the Canadian Breeder. It is by the exercise of the sense of hearing that the butter-maker learns when to stop courning, or, at any rate, when it is prudent for her to exercise her eyesight in order to verify the evidence of her ears. The sense of smell is probably the most necessary of all in a dairy, but it has this peculiarity of use—that it is chiefly employed in finding out what ought not to exist, and what we

Information About an Impe Adjunct to Cheese Making. This is supposed to be the gastric

uice from the calf's stomach; but as the stomachs of all milk-eating animals vield rennet of a similar character, it is not so sure Jout the stomachs of these animals are smuggled in to do duty in the manufacture of the extract now so largely used—especially under the head of "Bavarian," which comprehends all sizes and qualities. These stomachs are called rennets, and the preparation from of "Bavarian," which comprehends all sizes and qualities. These stomachs are called rennets, and the preparation from them, rennet. They are variously prepared—the "Bavarian" by blowing up like bladders—the two ends being tied—and dried; some are rubbed full of salt and stretched on a bow or crotched stick, others are simply filled with salt and hung up to dry. These latter, if exposed to a moist atmosphere, are apt to attract enough moisture to drip and thus waste strength. Another mode of preservation is 80 pack down in salt, as meat is preserved in barrels. Some object to this method, but I have had good "luck" with rennets saved in this way. When hung up to dry, it should be in a cool, dry place. Heat is bad for them, but freezing and that the people are beginning to regard that the people are beginning to regard that the people are beginning to regard that a much less cost."—Boston Globe.

THREE COURSES.

How a Penniless but Presocious Customer Worked the Pree Backet.

The hands on the name also side lights for stairways, balh-rooms and other similar places, so that a dwelling thoroughly tited with modern lamps is really more elegantly fitted than if gas were used."

"What are the sales of illuminating of a large oil merchant.

"The sales are constantly increasing. Mechanics now use oil almost exclusively, and among the great middle class its use is increasing every year. Why should it not be so? The oils of to-day are so excellent and so cheap withal that the people are beginning to regard that souked and washed out more fully. Old rennets are much to be preferred. They make a firmer and more satisfactory curd. Precisely why, I do not know; but the fact is within the experience of every old cheese-maker. When dried, rennets should be tied up in light paper bags, or otherwise made secure against the attack of flies; otherwise they are liable to become fly-blown and wormy. The fourth stomach of the calf is what is saved for its congulative properties, and this should be done with care. In and this should be done with care. In cutting it from its connections, no portion of the adjoining stomach, or of the intestines, should be included, as it is liable to taint, and has no cheese-making virtue in it. The calf should go without eating long enough to permit the stomach to become completely empty—say from feeding time at night to the next day at noon, when it should be killed. By this time there will be a liberal secretion of gastric juice ready to digest the next meal, and the rennet will be at its fullest strength. Meantime the calf should be kept where it can not get hay, hairs or other substances into its stomach to require cleansing out. If these are in the stomach they should be very carefully picked off when the stomach is turned wrong side out, and great care should time the calf should be kept where it can not get hay, hairs or other sub-stances into its stomach to require cleansing out. If these are in the stomach they should be very carefully picked off when the stomach is turned wrong side out, and great care should be taken not to remove the delicate secretion that lines the stomach. It is difficult to wrach the stomach without

picked off when the stomach is turned wrong side out, and great care should be taken not to remove the delicate secretion that lines the stomach. It is difficult to wash the stomach. It is difficult to wash the stomach without injuring its strength. It should be emptied of its contents, if there are any, and cleansed, if possible, without washing.—Rural New Forker.

WHY BUTTER DETERIORATES.
The Country Dealer's Complaint that the Commodity is a Brug in the Market.
A correspondent of the Fond du Lac Commonucculth makes a point on country storekeepers who complain that butter is a drug in the market by showing that it is a fault more or less their own that such is the case. He says:

"They do not expect farmers to be able to market a tine gilt edged article of butter manufactured in fifthy surroundings and stored amongst a mass of farm products. It is amusing to watch a dealer stick his nose down to what purports to be butter, trying to detect the one particular objection to its fine recommend the common of the store o dealer stick his nose down to what purports to be butter, trying to detect the one particular objection to its fine aroma. If it should be a fine and desirable article, how long will it remain so in the dealer's hands? He stores it, perhaps, amongst his potatoes, onions, hish, cheese and miscellaneous goods, and then complains if his customers leave it on his hands. Would it not be better for him to provide suitable facilities for storage and grading his stock, buying on merit and selling by grades, and thus attract outside buyers? A little care in these particulars would serve to increase his business, and in the same ratio advance the interests of the farmers with whom he has dealings."

—New York State has 11,000 hotels.

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LAMPS OF VARIOUS SHADES

Taking the Pince of Gas.

"Lamps in place of gas? I can not say that the question of economy in light comes into the question," said a large dealer in lamps and gas fixtures. on Washington, near Boylston street; "but the handsome lamps which are in the market to-day are the fashion, and of course people must have them. They form an exceedingly pretty table ornament, and on this account are very

"You are manufacturing some very elaborate patterns of lamps now, suggested.
"Yes; the styles are constantly fm-

"Yes; the styles are constantly improving and some of them are very elaborate. Now here is a lamp decorated with a delicate design of foliage in drabs, grays and srit greens, and the shade, you perceive, matches the lamp. Then here are others of various patterns. The very latest designs are in hammered metals, brass or copper, with dupler burner."

"Are these lamps expensive?"

"On the contrary, they are remarkably cheap. The cost has declined, within the past two or three years, in proportion as their popularity has increased. Lamps which formerly cast five or six dollars can now be bought for three and a-half or four dollars, and some are sold even less. A very handsome lamp can now be bought for three dollars."

some lamp can now be bought for three dollars."

"What class of people buy them?"

"All classes, but chiefly people of moderate means. Still almost all the wealthy and fashionable families have one of these handsome lamps upon their library table, and they are always lighted in the evening to furnish light to read by. The light from an oil-lamp well shaded is conceded by all to be fursofter and more grateful to the eyes than gas light. On this account the lamps are rapidly superseding the old-fashioned drop-light. In fact the sale of drop-lights is rapidly growing less. We are to-day selling only about one-third as many as we were a few years ago. Economy has, of course, someby the exercise of the sense of hearing that the butter-maker learns when to stop churning, or, at any rate, when it is prudent for her to exercise her eyesight in order to verify the evidence of but a trifle, and the use of oil exclusivesight in order to verify the evidence of her ears. The sense of smell is probably the most necessary of all in a dairy, but it has this peculiarity of use—that it is chiefly employed in finding out what ought not to exist, and what we do not desire to find—very much—like the holes in the old woman's stocking. It is quite needless to tell you how useful is the sense of taste, particularly in enabling you to judge of the quality of your products.

RENNET.

Some Information About an Important of the care of

"The use of lamps at the seashore "The use of lamps at the seashore and in country villas accounts for much of the demand for these articles. In places where gas is not obtainable, oil must be used as a substitute. We have fitted up many elegant seaside residences with lamps and lamp-fixtures in a very elaborate manner. Lamp chandeliers are used in these houses to a great view. great extent. Some of these are very ornamental, more so than gas chande-liers. Then we have also side lights for

The hands on the illuminated clockface in the Jefferson Market tower were both pointing directly to the zenith. Below, on Sixth avenue, a policeman woke up, came out of a shad way and majestically swang his club as he thought of the approaching midnight relief. The lighted windows of a small restaurant illuminated his manly form and a sign of "Little neck clams, twen-

The outsider winked to himself and